Till Death Do We Never Part

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Till Death Do We Never Part

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

"Oh, thank you, Thing," Will took it with a soft smile. It was a bright red sweet william.

Thing tapped on the lid of the box.

"From Hannibal?" Will asked. Thing tapped yes, and Will smiled a little brighter and held the flower close to his chest. "Tell him thank you, please." Will hummed, then reached into the flower vase on the table. "And give him this?"

He handed Thing a golden mum.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will was nervous.

He could admit that much, he supposed.

“Will,” Morticia’s voice slipped into his thoughts like a pin, popping the balloon of anxiety Will kept inflating. “Come sit.”

She held out her hand, and Will took it. Her fingers, cool and soft, intertwined with his and held tight. Will held tighter, going willingly as she pulled him into the empty spot next to her. She did not let go of his hand, and Will did not ask her to.

“Talk to me, love.”

Will sighed, dropping his head on Morticia’s shoulder. “...what if he walks away?”

Hannibal wouldn’t. Will knew that.

And yet.

“Then he’s a fool,” Morticia lifted her hand, placing it gently along the nape of Will’s neck, pushing her fingers into his carefully styled curls. She was careful not to mess up his hair too much--Beverly would be furious if she had to style Will’s hair again. “And he will not leave this building alive.”

Will huffed out a laugh—not because he didn’t think Morticia was capable of killing Hannibal. She was, and both Will and Hannibal knew that.

It’s an admirable quality of hers. Hannibal had once said. *There are not many people capable of killing me.*

I could. Will had said.

You do so every day, my dear heart. Hannibal had replied.

“I know he won’t walk away, I just…” Will frowned. “I don’t know why I keep thinking he will.”

“Perhaps cousin Leeming is hexing you,” Morticia offered.

“Probably.” Will sighed again. “You weren't this nervous, were you?”

“Oh, I was an absolute mess,” Morticia smiled. “I was just better at hiding it, dear.”

Will tilted his head to look up at her. “Thanks.”

—

“For goodness sake, Hann, stop pacing and sit down.” Mischa tugged on her brothers arm—careful not to tug too hard on his sleeve. She had spent hours getting the suit jacket just right. “You’re making me nervous just looking at you.”

Hannibal stumbled onto the couch next to Mischa, falling against her side and blinking in surprise at the sudden shift in height.

Hannibal never stumbled.

Mischa blinked slowly, then grinned. “You really *are* nervous.”

Hannibal didn’t say anything. He cleared his throat instead and looked at anything that wasn’t his sister. His eyes eventually landed on the flower bouquet (a lovely mix of poppies, mums, sweet williams, lilies and belladonna leaves) and he wondered for a brief moment why it was here.

“Oh, Hannibal, *mano broils*, you’re adorable.”

“I am not.” It did not sound nearly as protesting as he wanted it to.

“You are,” Mischa repeated, lifting her hands and framing her brother’s face between her palms. They were grounding, the chill of Mischa’s skin bringing him back to the moment. “He is wearing your ring, is he not?”

“Yes.”

“And you are wearing his?”

“Yes.”

Mischa smiled, then pressed a soft kiss to Hannibal’s temple, her soft blond curls falling across his cheek. “Then you have nothing to worry about.”

She said it so simply and matter of factly that Hannibal believed her.

—

“You haven’t met Hannibal yet, have you?”

Cousin Itt shook his head. He had been away on a business trip during the engagement party, and he had only just managed to make it back for the wedding--not that Cousin Itt was going to miss Will’s wedding. Will was his favorite.

“Oh, you’re going to love him, old chap. He’s absolutely perfect for our Will--” Then Gomez gasped. “You haven’t met Clarice yet! Come, come, let’s go find Abigail!”

He took ahold of Cousin Itt’s arm appendage and carted him away from the ballroom to track down the wayward Abigail Graham.

She was outside in the yard, keeping an eye on the dogs as they ran around and whistling sharply at them when they wandered too close to the graves. She had Clarice on her hip, Wednesday happily pulling up grass by her feet and Pugsley running around after the dogs.

“Abigail!” Gomez called to her.

Abigail glanced back, her eyes lighting up and a smile tugging at her lips. “Hi!”

She gave Cousin Itt an awkward hug and Clarice babbled and tried to grab at his hair.

“Sorry,” Abigail pulled back before Clarice could accomplish her goal. “She’s been doing that to everyone.”

Cousin Itt trilled and babbled.

“Well, you know how Will is,” Gomez hummed, swooping down to scoop an unsuspecting Wednesday into his arms. “He would have adopted the entire state by now if he could.”

He pecked a kiss to Wednesday’s nose.

Cousin Itt trilled again.

“Oh, I love her, Cousin Itt,” Abigail grinned. “She’s so sweet.”

Clarice shrieked in agreement.

Cousin it babbled.

Abigail nodded. “I’m sure Aunt Morticia wouldn’t mind,” then she glanced at Gomez. “Would she?”

“Oh, absolutely not! Let’s go!”

--

Will’s stomach was in knots and he couldn’t seem to stop bouncing his leg.

He startled as the box on the side table opened, and then Thing poked out and handed a flower to Will.

“Oh, thank you, Thing,” Will took it with a soft smile. It was a bright red sweet william.

Thing tapped on the lid of the box.

“From Hannibal?” Will asked. Thing tapped yes, and Will smiled a little brighter and held the flower close to his chest. “Tell him thank you, please.” Will hummed, then reached into the flower vase on the table. “And give him this?”

He handed Thing a golden mum.

Thing gave Will a thumbs up, took the flower, and then dived back into his box.

There was a knock at the door, and Will looked up just as Abigail poked her head in.

“Hi, dad!” she greeted. “I brought guests!”

Then the door opened and Gomez waltzed into the room with Cousin Itt trailing behind him and Wednesday perched on his hip.

“Cousin Itt!” Will grinned, tucking the flower behind his ear as he stood to give Cousin Itt a hug. “I can’t believe you made it!”

Cousin Itt trilled and babbled.

“Where’s Pugsley?” Abigail asked.

--

Hannibal was pacing back and forth when Thing’s box opened.

“Did he--?” Hannibal did not finish his question, as Thing was holding out a golden mum to him. “Oh.” He took it, holding it between his fingers like it would shatter at any moment. “From Will?”

Thing tapped out in agreement.

Hannibal sighed softly, something fond and happy. “Thank you, Thing.”

Thing gave him a thumbs up.

Hannibal, while still holding the mum, picked another flower from the vase. A lily this time, pure and almost blinding in its whiteness. “Could you give him this?”

Thing took it and disappeared back in the box.

Hannibal sat back on the bench, not daring to take his eyes off the flower he held.

There was a knock at the door before it creaked open and Grandmama stuck her head in. Pugsley pushed the door open all the way and trotted in, and Hannibal tucked the flower in

his breast pocket and bent down to pick up the wandering toddler.

“Hi Uncle Hannibal!” He smiled brightly.

“Hello, Pugsley,” Hannibal kissed his cheek and Pugsley giggled.

It was remarkable, really, how quickly Pugsley picked up speech.

“Passing flowers back and forth, are you?” Gradmama eyed the mum. “Well, as long as it’s not notes. You know it’s bad luck to speak to your partner the day of the marriage.”

“I know, Grandmama.”

Thing opened his box again with a sweet william and belladonna leaves in his fingers.

—

Will took the lily, pointily ignoring Gomez’s look, and exchanged it for a sweet william from the vase in his room and a few belladonna leaves.

—

“You two are like a couple school children, I swear,” Grandmama tutted, plucking the flower and leaves from Thing. “Thank you, Thing.”

Thing gave another thumbs up.

Grandmama placed the sweet william next to the mum in the breast pocket, then arranged the belladonna leaves around it. She really was quite skilled at floral arrangements, Hannibal thought. “Worse than Morticia and Gomez, you are.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” Hannibal smiled.

“Hey, Hannibal?” Abigail poked her head it the doorway. “Oh, you do have Pugsley. Cool.”

She ducked back out as quickly as she came.

Grandmama tutted again, and when she turned around Hannibal plucked a poppy from the vase and handed it to Thing.

--

Will took the poppy Thing handed him. He sighed happily, running his fingers along the petals.

“Exchanging flowers?” Morticia came back, closing the door softly behind her and looking at the poppy with a sly smile. “William…”

“We’re not technically speaking, ‘Ticia.” Will held the poppy to his chest, sighing again.

“Don’t be too hard on him, ‘Tish.” Gomez smiled brightly. “After all, they’re in love!”

Beverly slipped back in before Morticia could reply, shooing everyone back out. “Go find Fester--make sure he hasn’t blown anything up.” she told them as she pushed them out of the room.

She closed the door behind them, then turned to Will with a bright smile. “You two are so sweet it’s disgusting.”

“I know,” Will smiled, still gazing at the poppy.

“Here,” Beverly stepped closer to him, gently taking the poppy from him and tucking it in his breast pocket next to the lily. The bright red of the poppy brought out the red sheen in Will’s suit, and as he glanced at himself in the mirror he seemed to shimmer with every movement.

“You ready to get married?” Beverly asked.

Will looked back at her. He couldn't seem to stop smiling. “Yes.”

--

Hannibal’s suit was as black as the night sky and his smile as bright as the sun.

“Hi,” Will whispered it as Beverly left him at the altar to stand to the side. “You look--you look amazing.”

“And you look absolutely radiant, my dear heart,” Hannibal’s hand came up to gently run down Will’s cheek, his fingers brushing against the petals of the flower still tucked behind Will’s ear.

Fester cleared his throat, and as he started reading the marriage rites Hannibal took Will’s hands and Will stared at Hannibal with a dopey smile and bright eyes. He hardly registered a single word Fester said until he asked “Do you promise to never part, even in death?”

“I do,” Will said.

Hannibal smiled. “I do.”

Fester then happily announced that they could now kiss the groom, and Will all but flung himself at Hannibal at the go ahead.

Hannibal caught him around the waist and kissed him back with just as much fever as everyone else cheered behind them.

Will pulled back and glanced at the crowd. He hadn’t realized how big it was--hadn’t realized the entire family was here.

“Fester!” Gomez cried from somewhere at the front of the crowd. “Mamushka!”

“Mumushak!” Fester cried back.

Will pulled Hannibal--his *husband*-- off to the side as everyone cleared the center of the room and Fester and Gomez ran to it, laughing at Hannibal’s bewildered look.

End Notes

Sweet Williams - getting lost in new worlds/enchantment
Mums - devoted love
Lilies - rebirth and purity, used as both wedding and funeral flowers
Poppies - death and eternal sleep (its the most common meaning, but it can also mean great imagination and beauty)
Belladonna is belladonna my dudes (but it also means attraction and bewitching for you curious souls)

I had a dream awhile ago where I was putting together almost the exact flower arrangement in Hannibal's room and I spent a solid hour looking up pictures to try and match the flowers I was putting together and finding the meanings. only my flowers had Lilly of the valley instead of sweet Williams, but I can never resist using sweet Williams if I use flowers in my stupid hannigram fics

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